

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd.
Whiles I stood vapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from
the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these wayward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neereft way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thou'd'st haue, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wert'so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncan
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further,

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the rest to me. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Mansoury, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no luty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To bestow Puruey on him: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host: we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Service
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but reach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter. This euil-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,

Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels. Trumper-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To prick the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And fallies on th'other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost sipp'd: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dress'd your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy loue. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

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